NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE. EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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TWO CURIOUS FISH.

There are curious creatures on the earth and in the air, but for extremes of beauty and ugliness the sea appears to eclipse them both. In the picture two of the odd looking specimens of fish are represented. The sea raven is an acanthopterous fish, or one with bony and prickly fins, and is described as one of the ugliest of the bullhead or sculpin family. The head is flattened, rough and spiny, the pectorals are large and wing-like, advancing far under the throat, and with no free rays; ventrals under the pectorals, consisting of a spine and three or four soft rays; the first dorsal deeply notched, and all the fin rays simple. The head and jaws are furnished with numerous skinny branching filaments, which with the spines and huge mouth render the fish anything but pleasing in appearance. The typical species is the common sea raven, also known as the Acadian bullhead and deep-water sculpin. It attains a length of two feet and a weight of four or five pounds. The colors present every shade of dark brown, blood red, pinkish purple, and yellowish brown, with various markings and bands; and yellowish white below; the head is large, about the quarter of the whole length, with enormous gape and hideous appearance; the whole body above the lateral line is granulated and thickly studded with tubercles; the first three rays of the first dorsal are longest and with the other rays of this fin are fringed at the end. It is not unfrequently taken on hooks by cod fishermen in deep water in Nova Scotia, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and near the New England and New York coasts, especially around the ledges of Massachusetts bay. Like the land raven, it is omnivorous and voracious, acting the part of a useful scavenger in removing decaying matter.

The toad fish is so named from the large head, wide gape, usually naked skin, and disgusting appearance; it is also called frog fish and oyster fish. The head is flattened and wider than the body: head, lips and cheeks provided with numerous fleshy appendages; body generally scaleless. They hide in the sand and mud of salt water and occur in both hemispheres, preying on fish. There are more than a dozen species, of which one of the best known is the grunting toad fish, found in the seas of the East Indies. The skin is naked, smooth, soft and spongy; the head and jaws with numerous cutaneous appendages; the color is brownish above, marbled with darker; below white; fins white with brown bands. It is eight to thirteen inches long and is said to be eaten at Bombay. It received its specific name from its making a grunting noise like a pig from the expulsion of air by the muscular air bladder through the mouth. The common American toad fish is much like the East Indian, with stronger teeth, more prominent dorsal spines, and rather darker colors; it is eight inches to a foot long, light brown, marbled with black, and the fins with black lines; the body is covered with a copious viscid secretion; the mouth very large, and the chin and cheeks with numerous fleshy appendages. It is found from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, on the New England coast usually in ponds and lagoons connected with the sea, in muddy shoal water, or under eel grass and stones. The disgusting appearance of this fish, its slimy body, goggle eyes and immense mouth, have generally prevented the use of its flesh as food though it is said to be delicate, palatable, and wholesome; it is a savage biter, and capable of inflicting severe wounds. Other species are found in the Indian and African seas, and some larger ones with soft scales on the Brazilian Coast.

THE SEA RAVEN AND THE TOAD FISH.

HOW THE BENT WAS RAISED.

A great mill was going up in Western New York, and when the last and heaviest "bent" was to be raised, the strength of the men was found to be insufficient. They could not raise it past what the builders call "the pinch in the bent." After that it would glide into place with comparative ease. There hung the great frame, with a crowd of anxious men below straining every muscle, but all in vain. They could neither raise nor lower it, and to fly was instant death.

"Lift, men, for your lives!" shouted the master-builder, and again they bent to their useless task. The frame was settling instead of rising.

Three men appeared on the brow of the hill, and heard the call for help. But they saw the peril, and passed by on the other side. The women of the place gathered with white and tearful faces, as they watched their sons and husbands, and when the call came to them to "help lift, if they would see them alive that evening," how eagerly they lent their strength to the work!

The giant frame rose inch by inch, the critical point was passed, and soon a grand shout and hammer-stroke told that all was well. Some were laid aside for weeks by that day's overstrain, but all hearts rejoiced, because all were saved.

Such a moral crisis often comes in a church or community. A spiritual "bent" seems poised in a balance, and more than human lives are at stake. Shall these precious, awakened souls be saved or lost? Mothers and sisters, a great deal depends on you. How sad to hear the word, "You knew your duty, but you did it not." And now those dear ones are gone forever. It will not do to trifle or idle when this moment of decision has come. We must put forth every atom of spiritual strength; we must pray as we would on a burning steamship in mid-ocean; we must speak earnest, loving, solemn words of entreaty, which show the depth of our feeling for souls in danger of perishing. We must abstain from many things lawful at other times, but which now would lead the soul to cast off its anxiety. A pleasant sleigh-ride, an evening party, and even less diversions, have cost a soul. Walk softly, and be much alone in prayer. Then go forth hopefully about your accustomed duties, and doubtless "you shall come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you."—*American Messenger.*

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

A gifted lady who devotes herself to Bible study, and who has wonderful power in unfolding the hidden treasure of the word, tells how new light came to her upon the word search: She was in Sweden, and though she knew but little of the language of that country, yet she liked to read her chapter in Swedish every day. One morning she came upon the words which stand in our translation, "Search the Scriptures," and found that the first word in that passage was one which we render in English "ransack."

Ransack is a very strong word. It means to search up and down, high and low, from right to left, and in the corners and by-places! It means to search with the purpose to find; and he who searches the Scriptures thus will not fail of his reward.

This is what we all need to do—ransack the Bible! It is full of hidden treasure. We shall not find it if we search with a lazy, half-formed purpose; but if we set ourselves in earnest to ransack the Bible for our food of life, oh, how it will open to us, and how strong and courageous we shall become.—*Kind Words.*

DYING OF JOY.—One of the strongest instances of affection in dogs is related in the *Memoires du Marquess Lamgallery.* The marquess had been two years in the army, when, returning home, a favorite dog which had been left came to meet him in the court yard and recognized him as if he had only been absent two days, leaped upon his neck, and died of joy at having found him again.

Temperance Department.

MARY TATEM'S BROTHER.

Frank Tatem ran up the front stairs two steps at a time, and knocked on a door at the head of them. He was a wide-awake, handsome boy of fifteen, all aglow at this moment with some new, interesting project.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" a young girl's voice cried from the room, in a cross tone.

"It's I, and I want to come in."

"I can't be bothered with you; I'm reading. Go away."

He opened the door and went in at that. It was a prettily furnished room: but the owner of it, a young girl of seventeen, looked up with a cross face as her brother entered.

"I say, Mary"—he began.

"I just wish you'd go down stairs, and leave me alone. I'll tell ma if you don't."

"Ah, say, now just listen. I won't bother you long"—

"Go down stairs and let me read, I say," very angry.

"It won't take me a minute to tell you," he persisted. "I want you to do something for me."

"Well, I won't do it, so there," going back to her book.

"Yes, you will. It's for all the boys"—

"I hate boys. I wish you'd go away, and I'd never see your face again."

"No, you don't," still good-naturedly. "We fellows have organized a glee club, and we want you to play the piano for us one night every week! Ma says they may meet here."

Mary sat erect in her indignation. "I play the piano for a lot of boys to howl by? No, sir. I wonder you dare to insult me with such a proposition."

"But ma"—

"Ma ought to be ashamed of herself to give her consent. Do you think I would allow them to come here one night every week? No. I don't care what she would say."

"But there isn't any other place. Not one of the fellows has a sister who can play except Ben Martin, and she's going out of town for a month."

"I wish you'd go out of town for a month, and give me some peace. I sha'n't do it, and that's the end of it; and you can just go down stairs a great deal faster than you came up."

He turned and went down without another word, a great deal slower than he came up. He was not very much surprised that Mary had refused his request, for she rarely did anything for him, and was always ready to quarrel with him. He knew of other boys who had sisters who did everything for them, and those boys were pretty far on the path of right, while he, he acknowledged himself going slowly down, had been treading on the broad path lately that leads to destruction; it was all her fault; if she had been to him what sisters were usually, and made his home life pleasant, he would never have gone into the street to find companions.

There was a boy about his own age waiting for him at the gate.

"What does she say?" he asked eagerly of Frank.

"She says, 'No,'"—very much as if he did not want to talk about it. "Let's go see Emily Martin again. Maybe she'll stay home for awhile."

Emily Martin was called upon, and as she could not stay home herself, promised to see Mary Tatem about it, and try to get her to consent. She put on her bonnet and went right over to see her while the boys waited.

Mary was very pleasant to her and greeted her as she never greeted Frank, but she positively refused to play for the new society.

"I hate boys, and Frank is a perfect nuisance about the house," she said.

But you might be the means of doing them good," Emily argued, "or at least of keeping them from harm. I always try to keep Ben at home"—

"You needn't preach to me," Mary cried. "I'm older than you are by three months, and I won't hear one word. So! There!"

Emily took a sudden departure and went up the street to her home very angry, and reported her failure. Frank and Ben and the third boy, Louis Wright, wandered off down the street, discussing their plans. They met Tom Carey, who was supposed to be a bass singer, on the way.

"I have it," he cried, when he heard of their failure to get a pianist. "We can have the hotel piano for a mere song, and Joe Muddle will play for us for another song. The whole expense won't be a dollar a night. There'll be ten of us, and so it won't come very heavy on us apiece."

Frank objected to this arrangement at first; his parents would not like his going there, but Tom soon convinced him that his parents need not be told about it. If he had not been angry with Mary, and rather vexed at his mother's indifference to his wants, he would not have consented.

Tom made all the necessary arrangements with the hotel-keeper and Joe Muddle, and the new glee club met in the hotel parlor the following evening. Joe was a good player, if he was a man broken down by long years of intemperance, and helped them finely. When the singing was over, and they were going, he invited them to stay to his "little treat."

"I'm going to do the square thing by you to-night, boys," he said, as he conducted them into a small room back of the parlor. There was a table in the centre, with cigars and whiskey bottles and glasses upon it. "Take seats and make yourselves happy."

Some of the boys, Ben Martin among them, refused to accept the musician's treat and went home. But Frank, partly through Louis Wright's influence, and partly because he did not care what he did, remained. A couple of hours afterward Louis Wright and Tom Carey, very much worse for the whiskey themselves, led Frank to his father's house. He was too much intoxicated to walk alone. They found the latch-key in his pocket, and opened the door and got him up to his room, and came down very softly and went out.

Frank was brought home many nights in that condition before his father found it out, and then although he took him from the glee club, and was very strict with him, the taste for strong drink had taken such a hold of him that before he was twenty-one he was a confirmed drunkard. It was Mary's fault, he always said, and not his own; if she had been half as good a sister to him as Emily Martin was to Ben, he would never have fallen. And Mary knew what he said was true, and that a sister's influence on a brother who is younger or older, for good or bad, is boundless. But she found it out too late.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

THE TURNING-POINT.

Travelling last summer through Vermont, I chanced to be sitting one evening upon the piazza of a little country hotel in the company of a gray haired man, a large and wealthy manufacturer of Massachusetts, who was a native of the town, but had left it years before, and was now returning for a little visit for the first time in nearly forty years.

Our conversation touched upon the subject of temperance. He spoke of the thousands of young men of the present day whose lives were utter failures, and who were wrecks body and soul, through intemperance.

Deploring this fact, he also spoke of his own decision in the matter as the key to all the success of his life. Then, pointing to an old building across the way, he said—

"When I was a young man, that old building was a thriving factory, its manufactures the chief industry of the town. There I earned my living. These were the days before the subject of temperance was much agitated; almost everybody drank more or less. It was the custom universally for the factory-boys to meet on Saturday evening in a certain place, and have a jolly night of it, drinking and making merry to close up the week. None liked this better than myself and my especial crony, Jim Mathers. Jim and I usually led the crowd in stories, songs and drinking toasts.

"But after a while, one day it suddenly dawned upon me that, even as early in the week as Wednesday, I found myself longing for Saturday night.

The consequences of this discovery gave me a shock, and, thank God, opened my eyes to the way I was tending. I said not a word to a soul, not even to Jim Mathers, but when Saturday came, I set out as usual for our place of meeting. Between here and the store—I could set my foot upon the very spot now—I met Jim coming toward me. We neither of us spoke. I put out my hand and he his, though it was not a habit with us to extend such form of greeting, but it seemed as if the same thought was in each mind.

"'Come, Jim,' said I, 'Let's make a resolution to quit.'

"'Agreed,' said Jim.

"We kept our pledge—he till his death, some ten years after, and I till the present moment; and whatever success I have had in life, I owe to the resolution of that hour.

"I have come back now to the old town to look for 'the boys,' but I find none of them. There was not one of all that merry-making crowd that ever made an impress on the world, or won even a position of honor."

After this little story from his own life, he told another, which is interesting as showing how times have changed from that day to this.

There was another young man, who left the town about the same time as himself, with the idea of educating himself for the work of the ministry; but he found, after a little, that it would be better to change his purpose, and so he abandoned the effort, and went to Boston for employment.

Failing at first to find anything more congenial, and unwilling to be idle, he took a position as a butler or steward in one of the first families of the city.

For a time all went well. He found a good home, and his employer a good servant.

But the day came when the gentleman gave a great party, and wine and liquors flowed like water. Before it was over, the services of the steward were more in demand as nurse or attendant upon guests unable to care for themselves than in any other capacity. The ideas of the Vermont boy were in advance of his times; he was a staunch advocate of temperance, and he was filled with disgust that his duties forced him to mingle in such scenes. As soon as the next day dawned, he appeared quietly before his employer with a request for a settlement of accounts, and the announcement that he must leave him.

"Why," said the stately gentleman, "have you not a good home?"

"Yes."

"Are you not satisfied with your wages?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you leave? I am satisfied with you, and would not have you leave me, and you will not readily find such another home, I think."

"Well, then," he replied, hesitatingly, "I cannot stay in a place where I must mix with drunken men as I did last night!"

One can hardly tell whether the Boston gentleman, who opened his doors to none but the choicest society, was more astonished or amused. But it was in vain that he argued that he must set before his guests what others did, and that it was the custom of society. The youth was determined to free himself from such custom. No inducement could tempt him to remain.

The gifted son of that very household from which for such reason a servant thus went forth forty years ago is to-day one of the most silver-tongued orators of our land, and one of his latest and most brilliant appeals is in behalf of the temperance reform. —*Youth's Companion.*

AN ACCOUNT KEPT SOMEWHERE.

Active reformers, whose business it is to persuade men, are commonly very quick to find a text in the most trifling circumstance. The connection between "account" and "accountability" was ingeniously taken up up and made use of in the following instance:—

It is related of the celebrated Dr. Jewett that in the course of his travels he once entered a country tavern and sat down by the bar-room fire to warm his fingers. His keenly roving eye soon discovered, prominent over rows of bottles with highly-colored contents, in large letters the inscription: "No credit given here." Turning to the landlord (to whom he was personally unknown), he said:—

"Ah, I see you bring people square up to the mark here!"

"Yes," replied the landlord; "it's no use to trust rum-customers nowadays. We must get it as we go along or never get it."

Jewett warmed his fingers awhile, and then, turning to the landlord, said:—

"I think I could add a line or two to your inscription that would make it very nice."

"What would you add?" enquired the landlord.

"Give me a pen and a piece of paper, and I will show you."

"Walk into the bar; there's a pen and ink—help yourself."

The doctor walked into the bar, and, taking up the pen, wrote as follows:

"No credit given here,
And yet I've cause to fear
That there's a day-book kept in heaven,
Where charge is made and credit given."

Laying down the pen and leaving the lines, he walked to the fire, and again sat down, expecting an explosion. The landlord went behind the counter and read what he had written. A pause of some minutes ensued, when the doctor, glancing around, was, to his great pleasure, and somewhat to his surprise—from the intimations of dampness about the eyes of the landlord—convinced that he had driven a nail in a sure place. "A word fitly spoken, how good it is!"—*Prohibition Advocate.*

SOILED COAT-SLEEVES.

(An extract from an address delivered by a working man at a temperance meeting.)

Some years ago I was working in the town of B——, when the post of foreman fell vacant. Of course there was a great talk among the heads as to who would get the place. I confess I was not without hope myself that I might be the fortunate person. Well, one day I overheard two of my mates talking, and catching my own name I stopped to listen. This was what I heard.

"What about George H—?" said one; "won't he do? He's a smart chap enough."

"Ay," said the other, "he's smart enough; but he won't do, for (speaking slowly) he soils his coat sleeves."

I heard no more, but the words haunted me. Putting on my coat when I left work, I glanced at the sleeves and saw they were dirty, but then it was an old coat. I went straight home, and took out and examined each coat I had, one after the other. Sure enough the sleeves were all green, greasy, soiled. What had soiled them? It was tap-room varnish. Though not a drunkard, I liked my glass with the rest. I had begun to stand in the way of sinners.

Those words showed me my danger. I signed the pledge, and by the help of God have kept it ever since. My coat-sleeves are clean now. I lost that chance, but have had no reason to complain of want of promotion since I've been a temperance man.—*British Workman.*

"IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."

"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking away yours and destroying your body at the same time, and you upon the street corner are wasting yours in idleness, and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had $10,000 a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.—*Watchman.*

"Why," said the husband to his wife,
"Do you thus murmur and complain?
Do you not know that murmuring
At adverse fate is ever vain?"

"Nay," said the worn wife, "blame not fate;
The grief I feel would not be felt
Were 't not for that which 'murmur' names
Twice o'er when it is backward spelt."
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

That is what is the matter with our American society, there is no order in the family. Our children grow up without any proper idea of obedience and respect for authority. There is a very prevalent notion in America that one person ought not to be restrained by another. A boy of fifteen is supposed to be a competent judge whether he shall use tobacco; at all events if he chooses to do it he is let alone. The idea of making him behave never occurs. So as to going out after night; if he is interfered with, there is a rebellion. He believes himself consequently a man at sixteen, and apes all the vices of young men; calls his father (about forty years of age) "the old man." Of course he is mother's darling, and if the father fires up sometimes at his impertinence, she intercedes. "Oh, let Augustus alone; boys will be boys." Augustus has probably touched off a pack of fire-crackers under his teacher's chair, and mumbled that he would "slap him over" if he said anything to his father about it.

In cities they judge what places of amusement they shall attend, and how often. Take a drink when it suits them. Carry a pistol.

Young girls claim the right to say whether they shall dress according to their own ideas of propriety, or after their mother's views. They decide what they shall study and how long to stay at school. They learn to sew or not, as seems best to their judgment. They determine the question whether they shall dance the round dances or not. Not one parent in twenty dare utter the word, *Veto.*

They determine where they shall go to church.

They decide how many dresses they must have for the season.

They claim that the parlor, which in Virginia used to be the family "sitting-room," belongs to them and their beaux, and must be cleared after tea.

They will not remain in the room with the old people.

At parties no married women are wanted unless they dance.

Young ladies and gentlemen go to the theatre, and from the theatre to the restaurant to get hot oysters and wine.

Small boys in short pants will kick the door down if you lock it and tell them that it is too wet to go out.

They will tackle you in a minute on the street if you antagonize them.

Well, what sort of grown-up people are you trying to make out of them? If children will not defer to their parents and do not like their society and conversation, what sort of citizens will they make? If the young maiden does not value the opinion of her mother about the propriety or impropriety of her actions, will she bow to the admonition of the church when she has taken on the vows of religion? By no means; the church must let her alone if it wants to keep her; because she intimates plainly that she will go somewhere else where they are not so stupid.

Therefore we affirm that the great training school in life is the nursery and under the parental roof, and if the child does not learn obedience there, he will be an unruly and turbulent member of society. There is nothing more beautiful in life than reverence for the old, and when the young come to regard their elders as no better than themselves, the very root of social order is struck at!

In the matter of marriage, what does a girl of nineteen know about selecting a companion for life? In Europe the other extreme is reached; the old people manage it all. But here in America they are hardly consulted. And hence so many ill-assorted couples and so many divorces. The very qualities which a young girl admires in a young man often make him contemptible in the eyes of men, and in the maturer appraisement of older persons. The quiet, solid youth, who is going to make his way in the world, is no toast at all with the girls; they want a fellow that can dance.

Of course children will be children and young people will be young people, and we cannot expect the reform to commence with them. It has got to commence with the head of the family—the father, who, if he is a man, will be readily recognized in this capacity by his household. Well, we do not write to any great extent for the world at large. We address ourselves to Christians, who constitute the body of our readers. Therefore, to them we speak; to Christian fathers first. Govern your children; keep them in their places until they leave your roof; establish order and exact obedience at their hands as the initial principle in your family life. The mother, too, should exact respect and obedience, and not have any decision debated. Let the children from their earliest years be made to understand that superior intelligence, guided by love, intends to govern in that household, and that the old have rights which the young are bound to respect.

Do you think your children will love you less, and shrink from you as tyrants? By no means; they will love you more, for no true love ever yet existed which was not grounded on respect. Your boy will think more of you, and whether he does or not in his boyhood, he will remember you with more reverence when he is a man, and you run great risk of his becoming a worthless member of society if he does not learn obedience in his youth.

There is nothing humiliating in obedience. It is the rule of the universe. It is the bounden duty of the inferior to defer to the superior. There is no compromise of manhood when the soldier obeys his commanding officer. There is rank in heaven, and perhaps about as little of it in the United States of America as in any part of the universe.—*Central Presbyterian.*

CARE OF AN ORGAN.

Those who own a parlor organ may find in the following extract from the *Score* a hint as to its care which will save them trouble and expense:

Most people take fair care of the case of their instruments; bnt the interior is a fearful mass of dust and dirt. A gentleman called on us in relation to an organ purchased three years since, and said it was "all out of tune," and "something rattled."

But being in the habit of receiving the information that an organ is "all out of tune," when there is a small piece of dirt stopping one reed, we sent a friend to look at it.

He reported that it was "outrageously" out of tune. It was sent to our repairing room, and on opening the top lid the whole interior was found filled with immense cobwebs.

From underneath the keys was taken a mass of dirt, in which we found one hairpin, three needles and eleven pins, while from out the reed cells we removed thirty-two dead flies; and on each reed point was a cake of dust, while the tongue vibrated between two thick walls of dirt; the dust on the tongue altering the pitch, and the dirt on the block changing the tone

After cleaning the dirt from the reeds, and replacing them in the cells, every one was found to be in perfect tune.

Now, this organ had been kept open all the time, and the stops left drawn. Had there been no "forte" stops to hold the swells open, the dirt would have remained comparatively harmless on the outer board. But being left open, together with the other stops, the dust and insects had access to the most delicate parts of the organ, and the consequence was dissatisfaction with the organ, when the organ was not in fault.

SCALDED BABIES.

Some babies scream at the sight of a bath. No wonder! They perhaps have been scalded or frozen, and if they have they remember it. That is, the water has been too cold or too warm.

It may be a foolish idea; but I entertain the old-fashioned notion that mothers owe it to their babies to at least give them their bath, and if that is impossible, to attend to the temperature themselves.

Three-quarters of the nurses employed to tend children are without judgement, are thoughtless, and often worse, and no more fit to be trusted with tender babies than wolves.

Indeed, I think I would rather trust my baby with a good, respectable wolf than with some of the cross nurses I see on the streets and in the parks with some one's darlings.

I allways give my baby his bath, and he loves it. Yet, through carelessness, I once turned him against it, so that for days he rebelled at the sight of the tub; and although it was months ago, and he likes it as well as ever now, he always asks, "Hot?" and when I say, "No," repeats "No" in a very satisfied tone.

Let the hot and cold water be thoroughly mingled, and try the temperature in the end farthest from the spigots, remembering that a child's little body connot bear a heat that would not be uncomfortable for a hand. If a child dislikes the bath give him a pair of floating ducks, or a little boat, and he will learn to enjoy it, and long for it. Don't scald the babies nor freeze them, and they will never rebel at the bath.—*Christian Union.*

AIRING THE BEDS AND ROOM.

The air of a sleeping room should be constantly renewed from without, yet it should not be icy cold. It is quite amazing to see in otherwise well-informed people the lingering prejudice against night air, which makes them willing to breathe vitiated air all night long. Attention to the airing of beds and bedding cannot be too great, and it ought to be insisted upon in every house. The hurry to have rooms in order early causes the beds to be made up before they have been thoroughly permeated by air and sunlight, and gives them that close, stuffy smell which is a sure index of deficient cleanliness. During the night the body throws off through the invisible pores of the skin much impurity, and to make up a bed while mattress, sheets and blankets are still sweltering with animal heat is a thing no neat, intelligent housekeeper should ever do under any pressure of hurry. The rest of the room can be dusted and set to rights, and the bedclothing left spread over chairs, with windows open, until a late hour, and nobody will be hurt. Where the bedroom is the common sitting or sewing apartment of a family, it should be thoroughly aired for a half-hour before dark, everybody vacating it for the purpose, and again before its occupants retire.—*Shaker Manifesto.*

THE LITTLE DRAWER.

"Where did you learn your orderly habits?" I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things which were out of their places.

"When I was only four years old," she answered, "mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. 'Make it your business, my dear child,' she said 'to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder.' Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see that I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four years old."

To Make Good Graham Gems:—Two cups Graham flour, two cups sweet milk, or milk and water. Mix with spoon till the flour is all wet, and finish with a Dover egg-beater, which aids the "rising" better than any other method of beating. No other ingredients are needed except "judgment," and this is most required in the baking. Have the iron gem-pans piping hot, on top of the stove, butter them and pour in the batter, which should just fill the twelve cups; let them stand on the stove till the gems begin to bake around the edges, then carefully set into a hot oven, baking more slowly at the last. When you think they are done, let them bake five minutes longer. Never pile one above another when hot. Spread on plates till cold, then they may be put in a deep covered pan, or stone jar. We make four or six dozen at a time, and like them better warmed up. We never cut, but break them. For buttering the pans we use a swab made by winding a strip of white flannel around the end of a stick; this we keep in a teacup with a little fresh butter always ready for use. The quantity of batter mentioned may be made into two dozen gems, which will be thin and crisp, and nice in milk.—*Herald of Health.*

To Smooth a Rumpled Black Silk Dress.—A little rock ammonia, (bought at the druggist's) and a piece of common soda put into a bottle, and about half a pint of boiling water poured on to dissolve them; then, when cold, sponge the silk with the liquid on the right side, and iron it on the wrong. This receipt wonderfully improves anything black, and is quite good for cloth, though, of course, that must not be ironed.

Fried Bread Pudding.—Take a stale loaf of baker's bread; cut in slices; beat up six eggs, stir them into a quart of milk; dip the slices into the milk and eggs; lay them upon a dish, one upon another, and let them stand about an hour; then fry them to a light brown in a little butter: serve with pudding sauce or syrup. It is a famous German dish, and called by them "Poor Knight."

Delicate Apple Sauce.—Pare, halve and quarter a sufficient quantity of nice stewing apples; put them into a baking dish and cover thickly with sugar—bits of lemon peel may be added if liked. Put a plate over the dish and set it into a pan having a little hot water in the bottom and place in a hot oven. Bake until the pieces are clear and tender.

Napkins.—A new way of ornamenting table napkins is by drawing designs upon them in indelible ink. A clump of reeds with a stork; a mingling of flowers and vines or a tiny comic figure may be placed in one one corner with very good effect. Embroidery is more artistic but requires more time and does not display any more inventiveness.

PUZZLES.

BLANK WORD SQUARE.

I once saw a graceful little steamer, not built for ——— travel, but floating upon the rippling surface of one of the loveliest Swiss lakes. Her ——— consisted of no coarse commodities, being nothing less than a company of beautiful children, who were out for a pleasure sail. Gliding along the mountainous shores of the lake, the children watched the picturesque panorama with the keenest delight, eagerly pointing out to each other the points of interest, as they passed: now a gray old ruin, now the half-hidden cell of the ———, and again the ——— chamois, leaping from crag to crag, as he fled from the huntsman, the ——— of whose horn came faintly echoing over the water.

ARITHMOREMS.

1. 201 ore. 2. 1551 orag. 3. 502 nog. 4. 150 stare. 5. 1150 keare. 6. 55 a seer. 7. 55 a seer. 8. 1001 roam. 9. 106 sere. 10. 550 a yawn.

LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am found in tropical forests. Change my head, I am to perform clumsily. Delete and transpose me, I am a thrust. Curtail me, I am part of the organs of respiration.

A PROVERB WITHIN PROVERBS—(TWO WORDS FROM EACH).

Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

The words of the pure are pleasant words.

The Lord is far from the wicked; but He heareth the prayer of the righteous.

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water.

He that is void of wisdom despiseth his neighbor; but a man of understanding holdeth his peace.

SEVEN SUBMERGED ARCHIPELAGOES.

Mr. Manson's store was opened yesterday. The styles are meagre. C. I. and others did not spend a cent, rally them as we might. Lou is laden with her purchases. I wish you would mend an alpaca for Meg, Ella cannot mend it well. Ella reads Virgil. Bert is ahead of her, though, and will keep so if he can.

FINAL CHANGES.

Change the final letter of a girl's name, and have the workshop of miners.

Change the final letter of a girl's name, and have a girl's name.

Change the final letter of the name of a distinguished revivalist, and have one's fancies.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JULY 1.

Charade.—Blue-bell.

Double Decapitations.—1 Drill, rill, ill. 2. Broil, roil, oil. 3. Agape, gape, ape. 4. Coat, oat, at. 5. Crash, rash, ash. 6. Grate, rate, ate. 7. Start, tart, art. 8. Shark, hark, ark. 9. Whelm, helm, elm. 10. Malice, Alice, lice.

Charade.—Nay-Pole-lee-on—Napoleon.

Homonyms.—1. Rode, road, Rhode, rowed. 1. Weighed, Wade, wade. 3. Shall, shell. 4. Can, can.

Buried Furniture.—Clock, wardrobe, chair lamp, stove, table, carpet, candle, rug, piano shovel, picture, sofa, divan, stool, glass, mat vase, bed, andirons, fender, range, dresser curtain, hatstand.

SOME BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

THE BARBER'S APPRENTICE.

A poor boy in a poor barber's shop at Preston, somewhere about the year 1744, learning the art and mystery of razor-stropping and clean shaving! This is the opening scene in the life of one of the most brilliant examples on record of what patient industry can and will accomplish in the face of every difficulty.

In all England I defy you to produce a more unpromising specimen of a genuine young dunce. He has never been to school, for his parents are too poor, and he is the youngest of thirteen children. The barber's shop was the first employment that offered, and, since beggars must not be choosers, he gladly accepts it. He can neither read nor write. If he has any ideas floating through his brain they are wild and profitless—certainly useless in the business of shaving. He has a determined will of his own, however, and is not easily turned from any purpose,

Now, suppose we allow our imaginations to run riot, and that we attempt to forecast this lad's future. He will in due time learn how to shave, and will become a barber himself. Yes! Further, he will plod on at his business like his master before him, and grow old, and feeble, and die, a worn-out barber, whom nobody knows. No! He will, on the contrary, become a man of much consequence, a High Sheriff of Derbyshire. He will be knighted by his sovereign, and dying, leave a name which all men will honor. Then, to do this he must have some extraordinary good fortune, perhaps some powerful friend. His greatest good fortune was his own industry, and his best friend his own stout heart, which never failed him, but carried him through many and amazing difficulties. Having said so much by way of introduction, we will now trace briefly the career of one who did much to promote the well-being of his country, and whose labors were carried on under the greatest disadvantages.

Richard Arkwright was born at Preston on the 23rd December, 1732. He received positively no education. He never went to school, and to the end of his life he could not master the difficulties of writing. When he had served his time to the barber, he started on his own account in Bolton. He began low—in a cellar! "Come to the subterraneous barber; he shaves for a penny!" was the invitation which he hung in the upper regions in sight of the unshorn public, and customers came to him in fair numbers. "Competition is the life of trade." The other barbers reduced their charge to Arkwright's, upon which he announced that he would give "a clean shave for a halfpenny." He found, after twelve months' experience, that he could do better as a dealer in hair, wandering over the country and purchasing materials for wigs, which were then much worn. His custom was to attend the Lancashire hiring fairs and buy the long tresses of those young women who were willing to part with them for gold. He had also a secret process for dying hair, which brought him in a little—it cannot have been much, for with all his efforts he was only able to subsist. The wig business declined throughout the country, owing to a change in the fashion, and Arkwright had serious thoughts of giving up the business altogether. He had been gradually led to little mechanical experiments and became bitten with the "Perpetual Motion" craze, which has done for mechanics what the "Philosopher's Stone" has done for chemistry. Many a mind, whilst searching for the impossible, has found the practicable. It has been like the treasure which a farmer said was hid in his field and would yield to the laborious efforts of his sons. The gold they never found, but the produce of their husbandry brought them honorable wealth. Arkwright began with little models of what he hoped might prove the solution of perpetual motion. He ended by bestowing upon his country the spinning machine! But the path of the inventor is always a thorny one. Too frequently it ends in poverty and death. We know very little of his life during this period, but we do catch an occasional glimpse of him, which lets in much light upon his character and difficulties. One will suffice.

YOUNG ARKWRIGHT SHOWING HIS MODELS.

In a large old-fashioned farmhouse in the county of Lancashire, on a summer evening, in 1763, a group of the farmer's family and farm servants sits in the best kitchen gossiping in the good old style. One of the farmer's sons has come up from Manchester, and is bemoaning the loss which his uncle there must suffer owing to the want of yarn for his looms. A young wig-maker and hair-dealer, known as "Travelling Dick," who has come in to share the gossip and seek for a job at wig-mending, astonishes the company by taking from his pocket a few small sticks and bobbins, and by modestly saying that he believes he could make a machine to spin the yarn if he had the money.

When he had put his rough model together he explained as best he could the way it was to work, and what marvels it would bring about in the cheapening of calico. He was listened to patiently until he talked of building great mills for his machine, and driving the engine by water-power like a corn mill, and then, one by one, they all began to laugh and jeer, until poor Dick thrust his model hastily into his pocket and went out crestfallen and disheartened.

Perhaps to console himself for these and other trials, he married a wife, but soon found that instead of improving his position, he made matters worse. The absorbing employment of invention drew off his mind from his business, and he soon began to feel the pressure of poverty. Not that he cared very much for that; but his wife did, and she, perhaps naturally, concluding that a good wig-maker was better than a bad machine-planner, in a fit of passion destroyed all his models. He was by no means the first inventor who had to combat difficulties at home as well as abroad. Nor must we look with too severe an eye upon the anxious wife, who fears that her husband's strange infatuation may beggar them both, and that hopelessly. But she was unwise in her mode of treatment. Love might lead but anger could never drive, and being provoked beyond measure by the loss of his priceless models, he separated from his wife, determined to go his way and beggar himself unhindered if he chose, which he did most effectually. Happening one day to see a piece of red-hot iron passed between rollers for the purpose of drawing it out, it occured to him that he could use the idea in making a machine for the spinning of cotton thread. He had made the acquaintance of a clockmaker at Warrington, one Kay by name, who had been useful to him in constructing wheels for his perpetual motion machine, and to him he went, brimful of his new idea. But the watchmaker could not help him, and so he gave up his business altogether, determined to carry out

his ideas at any cost. Indeed, his mind was in some degree strengthened by a feeling of confidence in his own powers. He saw that a great need existed for a machine such as he had in his mind, and he believed that he was the man to make it. As to difficulties in the way—well, they were made to be overcome, and he was the man to overcome them.

What was his new machine to do? It was to spin a thread of cotton long enough to enable the weavers to use it as warp, the thread that runs lengthwise in the cloth. Calicoes were, up to this time, a mixture of linen and cotton. The warp was linen because no means had as yet been devised of making cotton threads long enough. The demand for calicoes grew, although they cost more than silk does now, and in the manufacturing districts the weavers had sometimes to scour the country in order that they might collect from the women who carded and spun sufficient weft to serve them for the remainder of the day. So undesirable had this state of things become that, as early as 1738, a Mr. Wyatt, of Birmingham, had taken out a patent for spinning by means of rollers, and his machine had been tried both at Birmingham and Northampton, but without success, and it was at length broken up as a failure. Just thirty years after Wyatt's patent was taken out Arkwright modestly produced the first result of his labors, being the model of a machine constructed by Kay, the watchmaker, under his guidance. This he exhibited in the parlor of the Free Grammar School at Preston, but the exhibition was not as agreeable to the townspeople as to him

We find his condition at this time low in the extreme. His clothes were so tattered that when he desired to vote as a burgess of Preston at a contested election, some kind friends were moved with compassion, and subscribed money enough to make him presentable when he went to the poll.

But his spinning machine—upon which he had spent so much precious time and money—instead of awakening curiosity and wonder excited only suspicion and strife. When he went abroad he heard ominous whisperings, and even outside the schoolroom angry groups of workpeople discussed the merits of the labor-saving apparatus with no pleasant words. In fact, it was plain that if he wanted to escape a mobbing he must take his model and fly. Other inventors had been treated with scant ceremony. Kay's fly-shuttle and Hargreave's spinning-jenny had both called forth violent opposition, for the ignorant workpeople believed that the world's progress could be stopped by breaking up the models of the inventors, and pelting those unhappy men with stones.

He took his model to Nottingham, where he found friends with money and influence, who gave him a helping hand. Mr. Strutt, who was a man of great perception and himself an inventor, having been introduced to Arkwright, was much struck with the model, and offered terms of partnership. These having been accepted, a patent was taken out in the same memorable year in which Watt secured the pate . for the steam-engine. The new firm set heartily to work, and a cotton mill was erected at Nottingham driven by horses. Another mill, considerably larger and driven by water, was built at Cromfort, in Derbyshire, and this was called the water-frame mill.

To the genuine inventor there is no such thing as idle satisfacton. Although Arkwright had done so much he was by no means satisfied with his efforts, and, although it seemed at first as if he was on the road to fortune, he soon discovered to his cost that much of his labor was profitless and useless. The cost of building the mill was very great, but the profits from the manufacture of the cotton-thread were *nil*, and so they remained for years.

Nothing could resist the patient industry of the zealous inventor. Step by step he overcame all his difficulties, and the mills proved successful. Now, surely his reward must be near! But no! As soon as the Lancashire manufacturers found that the mills were likely to prove injurious to their interest they set to work to ruin them. A mill near Chorley was wrecked by a mob in the presence of a force composed of military and police. Arkwright was the working-man's enemy and should be suppressed. The material manufactured at the mills must not be purchased. His patent must be questioned in the courts, and, having been questioned, the courts decided against him.

"Well! we have done the old shaver at last!" cried some one, loud enough for Arkwright to hear the remark, as he walked away from the court-house.

"Never mind; I've a razor left that will shave you all," answered the old barber, fearlessly.

And he did it! His mills rose in different parts of the country, and the excellence of his manufactures carried the market with him, until he became the recognized head of the cotton-spinners. Indeed the very opposition he met with seemed to increase his wealth. The employment of the yarn produced in his mills was discouraged by the other mill owners, who clubbed together to prevent the use of cotton-warp, and thus to throw an enormous quantity of useless stock upon the inventor's hands. Arkwright and his partner took counsel together, and decided upon manufacturing the yarn into stockings. The attempt was successful, and they then set to work to make cotton calicoes, such as are used so extensively to this day.

But even here fresh difficulties presented themselves. Every step of the way was bristling with obstacles. The revenue officers discovered, as they thought, reason for charging the firm twice as much duty as other manufacturers paid. It was so evident that a plot was on foot to crush him that Arkwright appealed to Parliament, and had the good fortune to obtain a declaratory Act, authorizing the excise to charge him only the ordinary rate. This seemed to be the turning-point of his history. Such persistent effort could not fail to overcome prejudices, difficulties, fears and factions. He outlived them all and the tide of wealth so long delayed and so richly earned flowed in upon him at last. The man was thorough. We see him toiling in his mills, organizing and directing often from four in the morning till nine at night. At the age of fifty he snatches a little time each day to learn English grammar and writing. Eighteen years after he first showed his model at Preston he was made High Sheriff of the county of Derbyshire. And among the numerous applicants for his new spinning frame was one who twenty years before had laughed at "travelling Dick Arkwright" and his sticks and bobbins in the farmer's kitchen in Lancashire. In 1786 he presented a congratulatory address to George III., and received the honor of knighthood.

Sir Richard Arkwright was a man of whom any country might well be proud. Even in this brief sketch we cannot fail to see the secret of his strength and success. It was his courageous perseverance—his dauntless energy. No obstacle could frighten him from his purpose; no opposition could turn him. Between the barber's apprentice of Preston and the High Sheriff of Derbyshire there is a wide gulf, but it was no magician's wand that changed the pauper into the knight. It was that noble industry which has so enriched our land, and that brought so many of England's poorest sons from obscurity to sit among princes, and to receive the homage of the civilized world as its truest benefactors.

From his youth he had been a sufferer from asthma, and his sedentary life, the result of overwhelming business, brought on complications that proved fatal at the comparatively early age of sixty. He died in 1792, leaving behind him for all time an example of industry and courageous perseverance which the poorest may follow with the certainty of benefit to themselves and their generation.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

"SO BEAUTIFUL!"

To many of the French working classes the Word of God is "so beautiful!"—*si belle* is their favorite term—it comes to them in all its freshness; it is a new and unknown power.

"Oh, how I cried, how I cried," said a young dressmaker lately to a visitor at the hospital where she lay ill—"oh, how I cried when first I heard the Word of God read at one of the halls—it was so beautiful! I had never heard anything like it before." The girl is now rejoicing in her Saviour.

"Oh, madame, I have such a big Bible at home!" said another woman. "I gave twenty tickets and one franc for it. I could have gained it by forty attendance tickets; but I feared I might die before I earned it: so, though we are very poor, I preferred squeezing out the franc. My husband reads six or eight verses every night and morning; and there are such beautiful things in it!" —*Word and Work.*

The Family Circle.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

GIVING EVENTS IN EACH REIGN.

William o'ercame slain Harold's Saxon band,
And brought his Norman followers to the land.
Death stopped Red William's arbitrary reign,
In the New Forest hunting he was slain.
No right had Henry to the vacant throne,
But with his brother's wealth he seized the crown.
Stephen from Maud the throne of England tore,
Wasting our fertile land with civil war.

Imperious Becket at Henry's wish was slain,
Then he was scourged his pardon to obtain.
Returning homeward from his first Crusade
Richard by guile was seized and prisoner made.
To keep the throne John to the Pope applies,
Signs Magna Charta and detested dies.
Henry's want of faith raised wars he could not quell,
And forced his warlike barons to rebel.
First Edward conquered Wales, with Scotland fought fierce wars,
And gave his country just and useful laws.
Edward the Second let worthless favorites rule his mind
And to his son his ill-kept throne resigned.
Third Edward conquered France on Cressy's battlefield,
And to his arms did warlike Scotland yield.
Rebellion troubled Richard's early reign,
By Lancaster deposed, confined and slain.

Usurping Henry proved both wise and brave,
Increasing England's power on the wave.
Prudent in council, fearless in the strife,
Fifth Henry thus atoned his mis-spent early life.
Too weak to reign, his Queen received his power.
Sixth Henry died a prisoner in the tower.

Mothers who lost their sons in Edward's cause,
Long mourned the rival roses' fatal wars.
To gain the throne his youthful nephew filled,
Ambitious Richard caused him to be killed.
Vain Richard's crimes, but two years did he reign,
And fell in fight on Bosworth's fatal plain.

Seventh Henry two impostors humbled to the ground,
And in his reign America was found.
Eighth Henry, though England's realm the monkish power broke
And fearlessly cast off the Papal yoke.
Sixth Edward, wise and good, too soon resigned his breath,
And England mourned her youthful monarch's death.
Mary lost Calais, long she mourned the deed,
And on her subjects forced the Roman creed.
Elizabeth with glory long did reign,
But Mary's unjust death her fame must stain.

James the weak pedant sat on Scotland's throne
And to the realm of England joined his own.
Charles against Parliament his forces led,
And on the fatal scaffold lost his head.
His conquering arms to Moor did Cromwell bring,
In all except the crown he led as king.
To pleasure prone yet strictly did he reign,
England rejoiced to see her king again.
James the Pope's power tried to make his own,
His people rose and drove him from the throne.
William was called to guide the vacant helm
And with his consort jointly ruled the realm.
Throughout Anne's reign resounded war's alarms,
And great but barren victories graced her arms.

The exiled Stuarts in first King George's reign,
Sought to retrieve the English crown in vain.
To George the Second's power the Stuarts yield,
Lost their last hope on Culloden's field.
In good king George's long and glorious reign
We end our wars and lasting peace regain.—
Under Fourth George's sway commerce and wealth increased,
The arts they flourished, and all discord ceased.
To all his subjects Fourth William was endeared,
As a good king his memory is revered.
Victoria reigns, may that Almighty power,
Who rules the hearts of kings, his blessings shower
Upon her hearth and home, guard her through cares,
And for her welfare hear her subjects' prayers.

—*Selected.*

AUNT MARGARET'S PRAYER-CURE.

BY MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

"Aunt Margaret, are you in the mood for helping a poor, perplexed mortal this morning?"

So said Marion Ellis, as coming in to her aunt's cosy sitting-room one snowy morning and flinging aside her wrappings, she drew up a low chair at the elder lady's feet.

"What is it this time, Marion?" asked her aunt, with the sweet, cheery smile that Marion declared always did her good like a medicine.

"Well Aunt Margaret, I should be ashamed to tell any one but you, but if you are to help me any, I suppose I must confess all."

"A good physician must know symptoms, in order to diagnose correctly, Marion."

"I am so perplexed about Harry and Edith, auntie. They don't love each other as brother and sister ought to do; it is just contention all the while. I try to reason with them, but I lose my temper generally, and say things which I am sorry for at once, and which of course only make matters tenfold worse."

"I thought Edith was of a very sweet, yielding disposition?"

"So she is naturally and when she is herself. But you know she is delicate, and of late she has seemed so nervously irritable, that I have to manage her carefully, and when Harry comes, he does not realize the cause of her fretfulness, and is not considerate."

"Harry is ten, is he not?"

"Nearly eleven. He has a tender, loving heart, when you reach it, for whenever I have a sick day, he is one of the most thoughtful, sympathetic children I ever knew. But he comes in from school so full of life and noise, and cannot understand why his little sister must be humored and managed. Can you advise me what to do?"

"Have you tried the prayer-cure, Marion?"

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"Have you gone to God in hourly dependence upon him for grace to restrain the impatient, irritable words, and do you try to impress upon the children the fact that they too may have help to be good, loving children, from their Father in heaven?"

Marion's cheek crimsoned. "Why, of course, I pray every day, aunty, but I never thought of asking God for help to resist every little temptation to be cross and irritable."

"May I tell you of a little of my own experience, Marion? When my children were small I was an invalid, and the constant, daily suffering was of a character which caused intense nervousness. Our means were limited, so that I very often had to depend upon inefficient help, and we had to practise the strictest economy. The three little ones were not very far apart in age, and after your Cousin Jamie's birth, nervous irritability had become almost a disease. There were many days when it seemed as if the sound of the children's voices would drive me utterly frantic, and indeed I think that I was very near to insanity at times. One day when my little May was standing by me, talking in her simple childish fashion, I turned with a savage word and look, and raised my hand as if to strike her, and for the moment I felt as if I wanted to do some terrible thing. Oh, Marion! I would give all I possess to blot out the memory of that moment! I never can forget the expression of terror that came into the child's eyes, and her tone, as she took her little brother Ray by the hand, saying, 'Come Ray, I am afraid of mamma.' I rushed to my own room in an agony of shame and remorse, and prostrated myself on my face before God. I asked that I might die, that he would take me away for doing such deadly work in the hearts of my little ones. How long I lay there I knew not, but at last, above the wild storm of despair, I heard a soft whisper, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I never realized the depth of the meaning in this verse before, and there, in my deep humiliation and penitence, I promised the Lord, that if he would only grant me this all-sufficient grace, I would so guard my lips that no word of impatience or anger should pass them again. This meant a hard, hard battle, Marion, for sick nerves are very unreasonable oftentimes, and nothing but infinite power aiding the weak, human will can give the victory.

"I went down to the children at last. May looked up, the fear not yet gone out of her eyes. The baby had wakened and cried during my long absence, and she had hushed and soothed it to slumber again, like the little mother she was. I took her in my arms, and told her that with God's help, mamma was never going to frighten her so again. We talked together until at last her soft arms wound lovingly about my neck, and I knew that all was right between us, and the memory must remain as my punishment.

"Ray, my little four-year-old, was fast developing a wilful, imperious temper. My impatient way had increased the difficulty, and now with my eyes opened, I realized what the end of such a course must be. My own helplessness and utter dependence upon Divine help to conquer my besetting sin helped me to realize that there was the only path of safety for my little ones.

"The mental conflict of this day brought on utter nervous prostration for two or three days. I arose from my sick bed with my plans for the management of the children quite revolutionized. My first work was to form in them the habit of always kneeling in the early morning, and asking God to help them to be good and obedient through the day. I made no secret of the fact that God was helping me never to say sharp words any more, even when headache made it hard to be patient. They saw the tightly shut lips, when the sudden temptation came, and my sorrow when overcome by the temptation, for I failed often at first. When Ray would find temper getting the better of him, I would remind him that Jesus would be grieved if he was naughty. After tea was usually the most trying time. The children were restless and tired. So after putting Jamie in his crib to sleep the sweet sleep of infancy, I would read to them, calling that time our 'visit' together. Very soon that hour was the brightest and best loved, and great were the lamentations when sickness or other hinderance came to debar them from their nightly hour of enjoment. Sunday afternoons, when possible, I always gave entirely to the children. Their papa was sometimes with us, but being a busy physician, we enjoyed little of his society. I always chose strictly religious reading, such as was calculated to lead their thoughts Christward. In the twilight we sung sweet hymns together, and as the bed-time hour drew on, the older children and I knelt together, and had what we called our 'little prayer-meeting,' each child putting up a simple petition to the throne, while I tried to present the especial need of each to the listening Saviour.

"Years passed on in this way. Baby Jamie soon learned to lisp, 'Pease, dear Desus, bess Damie, too,' and then we laid him away in the sleep that knows no earthly waking.

Aunt Margaret's voice trembled a little just here, while Marion was weeping silently. Presently she lifted her head and said:

"Auntie, I can't talk now, but I thank you so much for what you have said. I am going home to try your plan, for I believe in that prayer-cure."

The two parted, Marion going homeward through the drifting snow with a new purpose in her heart.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

A WEDDING FEAST IN ASSAM.

The young man whose wedding feast we attended last evening, and of which I will attempt to give a little description, has been married for three years. He was married by Charles, the native pastor of our little church here according to the simple ceremony commonly observed in America. He was then too poor to give a wedding feast, and instead of borrowing money and going into debt to give a feast at the time, he was sensible enough to put off the feast till he could afford to give it.

I find it difficult to describe this occasion, because everything is so different from what you are accustomed to see in America, that any comparisons which I might make would be misleading. So I must ask you to put aside all your present ideas of such an occasion and try to imagine the scene, remembering that we are in a tropical climate—in Assam instead of America.

In the first place, the houses here are quite too small to entertain a wedding party, so a place must be prepared out of doors. You would hardly expect to sit down and eat a meal comfortably out of doors on the 20th of January. But here the grass is green, there are scarcely less leaves on the trees than in June, the birds sing every day of the year, and if one walks out in the middle of day, even now, he finds it well to carry an umbrella. So we can have our feast out of doors even in mid-winter.

The house is about twenty feet long by ten feet broad. The floor is only a raised bed of earth packed down hard. The walls are made of a coarse kind of reeds woven into long strips of bamboo, like the warp and woof in cloth—the bamboo strips corresponding to the warp, and being about one foot apart, while the reeds correspond to the woof and are as closely crowded together as possible. The partitions which divide the house into three rooms are made in the same way and of the same materials. The roof is made of thatch and the eaves of the house are just about as high as a man's head, so that he must stoop every time he enters the door. By the side of the house is a smooth, level spot of earth, like a good croquet ground, about thirty feet square. This spot is prepared for the feast.

In the first place fresh living plantain trees are cut and brought and set up on each of the four sides of the square—six trees on each side, making them about five feet apart. These trees are not set in the ground, like posts, but are kept in place by arches, made of strips of bamboo bent like half of a barrel hoop, and tied to the trees, just high enough to make an arch for a man to pass under, and each of these arches is ornamented with paper cut into a fanciful trimming. The only way that I can describe a plantain tree to those who have not seen one is to say that it is like a corn-stalk, grown to be from six inches to a foot in diameter, and having no joints, and no leaves lower than ten feet from the ground. At the top are from six to ten leaves. They are similar to the leaves of the corn-stalk, only the largest of them are two feet wide or more.

The spot enclosed by these trees is covered with an awning of white cloth, and in the centre was a little spot, especially prepared for the missionaries by spreading down mats and setting up at each of the four corners a plantain-tree post; the posts being fastened by the strips of bamboo ornamented by the fanciful cut-paper hangings. In the centre of this little square a table was spread for us. On two of the posts and at various places at the roof of the canopy lights were hung, and the whole scene presented a very festive and picturesque appearance.

The eatables are the leading feature of the feast. We went in answer to our invitation, about 6 o'clock p. m. All the Christian people and their families were invited, at least all who live near enough to come. The guests had nearly all assembled when we arrived, and the low murmur of the voices of the older people engaged in conversation mingled with the shouts and laughter of the children enjoying their various sports. When it was time to serve the dinner, the women and girls retired within the house and the men and boys sat down on mats spread on the ground, close to the edge, but within the enclosure of trees.

There was much excitement among the children; each one was intent on his own pleasure, and it was as difficult to preserve any order as at a picnic in America. First course the plates were brought round, and such plates as a great many of your readers never saw. They are made of the leaves of the plantain tree. Take a leaf of a corn-stalk and make it grow two feet wide, then split it in two at the middle of the stem, and cut it into strips fifteen or twenty inches long, and you will have the plates all ready for use. Each person is given one or two of these plates. Then the boiled rice is brought in, a bushel basket full of it. The basket is lined with the same indispensable plantain leaves, and the rice is covered with them, too, to keep it warm. Two men carry this basket of rice around, and either with a large dipper or with their hands dish out a liberal supply

of it to each of the guests. Close behind them follow two other men carrying a large iron pot, from which they give to each one his portion of curry.

They are ready to eat now, and Charles, our pastor, rises and asks our Father's blessing on the feast; then each one rinses his hands with a little water, and all begin to eat as though their appetites were good. Presently two more men come carrying a large iron pot between them. At the sight of them each feaster begins with his fingers to make a little cavity in his pile of rice, like the crater of a volcano. Into each of these cavities these men pour a quantity of boiled dall (a vegetable looking like a yellow pea split into halves). After this a large dish full of curdled milk, prepared in such a way as to be considered a great delicacy by the people here, was carried round and a little was poured into each one's plate. After they had finished eating, each one gathered up his plantain-leaf plate and whatever fragments remained on it, and carried it away a little distance and threw it away. Then the dogs, who had been anxiously waiting their turn, and who had taken no pains to conceal their impatience at having to wait so long, began their feast. On returning from throwing away his plate, each person washed his hands, small pots of water being provided for the purpose. I forgot to say that they all ate with their fingers, not a spoon or knife or fork being used by any of them. Then came the tea, which was served from one large dish, each of the guests being provided with a bowl-shaped metal cup, into which his tea was poured for him. This ended the feast.

After dinner the band struck up a native air. The band consisted of one fiddle and two small drums, which were beaten with the fingers instead of drum-sticks. I neglected to mention that the band was playing when we first arrived at the feast. Later in the evening the band played accompaniments to several native songs sung by the young people and the children. All I can say for this native music is that it was as inimitable and indescribable as the most peculiar plantation songs of the colored people of the South, and yet wholly different from them.

After the music came fireworks. About one hundred guests were present, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion with keenest relish. At 8 o'clock we gave our salaams to our host and returned to our bungalow, hoping that the wedding feast would prove not merely a time of pleasure, but also of profit to all, by binding together our little band of Christians into closer fellowship of love and good will.—*P. H. Moore, in Standard.*

SOMETHING NELLIE LEARNED.

"Nellie," said her mother one day, "I really believe I have forgotten to seal up your furs for the summer, and it should have been done before. Will you lay them in the sun?"

Nelly went to her little room, climbed upon a chair, took the box from the shelf, placed it on the bed where she opened it and took out her pretty white furs, smoothing them as she carried them out. After a while her mother finding them free from moths, asked Nellie to bring the box. She lifted it from the bed and imagine her surprise when she found crawling under and around it dozens of green worms, each nearly an inch in length. She called her mother to come to see them. Where could they have come from? The box was examined and neat the top where the cover came over it, were found little streaks of mud.

"I have found out," said her mother. "We have broken to pieces the house of a little brown wasp. She gathers these worms from the rosebushes and other places for her baby-wasps to eat."

"I should think she would kill them," said Nellie.

"I should think they would soon die shut up in such little clay prisons, but many of these are alive, and that is a young wasp," added her mother, pointing to a fat, white, worm-like looking thing.

"That thing!" said Nellie rolling it over. "I don't see how it gets anywhere without legs or head."

"It must have a head and mouth to eat such worms as these, but it has no need of legs, for it has no journeys to make."

"What will it do?"

"There is but one wasp in each cell and its food with it. When done eating it appears to go to sleep, and during the winter, it changes so that in the spring it wakes up with legs and wings, a real live wasp, just like its mother. Then it is ready to break out of its shell and make a nest like this."

"But is it really alive all winter?" asked Nellie, wondering more and more.

"Yes, God never forgets one of his creatures, however small it may be. And now I will tell you something to think about every time you see a wasp. It is this: If God can keep this tiny worm alive, and make it so much more beautiful, surely he can keep our spirits alive when our bodies die. When we die, it is like the worm going to sleep for winter. When it comes out in the spring, it leaves behind it a little brown shell, which had been a part of itself, but which it does not now need. So our bodies die; and our spirits that part of us which thinks and loves, leaves them as the wasp left the little brown shell. You remember Jesus said, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' and so, when our bodies die, our souls are made more beautiful, and go to this home where Jesus is. All those that love him will be gathered there. We need have no fears if we trust Christ fully. I never see one of these insects but I remember that it has awakened from a death-like sleep. Then I remember that Christ overcame even death, and we, too, shall, if we love him and trust in him and keep his commandments."

The furs were now securely put away, and there was also put into Nellie's little heart a thought which she would not forget.—*By Mrs. J. M. West, in The Advance.*

TRIBUTES OF THE WORLD TO RELIGION.

BY N. S.

The three narratives that follow are well worthy of permanent record, as the names and dates alluded to can be given for each.

Some thirty years ago a young man from Southern Pennsylvania was on his way to college, and entering the stage-coach he found as passengers several men, whose loose talk was chiefly in ridicule of religion and the Bible. He himself was not a Christian, but was of a Christian family, and he reverenced his father and mother and their faithful piety, which he felt were both the strength and beauty of his early home. Pained and provoked by the blasphemies of his fellow-travellers, he was silent till he could bear it no longer, and then he contradicted their statements and denied and opposed their assertions. Amused at his unexpected boldness, and thinking to make short work of the youth, they became more reckless and impudent than before. He was not then the keen and practised debater he afterward became, but by the Christian teaching of his home and church he had been well informed, and with his spirit roused and speaking on the side of truth, he gave them blow for blow and facts for arguments, till soon they were silenced and gave up the discussion. At the end of the stage-route they all entered the steamboat which was in waiting, and had been long on board when one who had been foremost in opposing and ridiculing religion came to the young man and asked,

"Have you a stateroom?"

"I have."

"Will you let me share it with you?"

"Why?"

"Because I have a large amount of money with me, and I am afraid to sleep with any one I do not know lest I should be murdered for my money. If you will let me have one of the two berths I shall esteem it a great favor."

His request was granted. But what a commentary on his previous words and his ridicule of the Bible and Christians!

Some fifty years ago a gentleman from one of the Southern States was obliged, on a journey, to pass through the then wild region now known as Western Virginia. He was an avowed infidel, often saying that Christianity was false, and would ultimately lose its influence and die out. He had been advised to make a certain part of his journey by day, as at night the region spoken of was unsafe. But being delayed he was on his way through this very region when night overtook him. Approaching a small cabin and enquiring where he was, he found to his dismay that he was in the very neighborhood he had been warned to avoid; but thinking it as dangerous to go back as forward, he determined to stop where he was. So he entered the hut, in which there was only a woman, and among the rude furniture saw knives that to his eyes looked very large and guns enough for many assailants. Before long the cottager himself came in, a rough mountaineer, and in a frank but uncouth manner welcomed the stranger, who quietly took a seat. When supper was ready they asked him to draw up and eat with them; but as his appetite was spoiled by anxiety and fear, he declined, saying he was not hungry. After supper and a long silence as he expressed a desire to rest the cottager replied,

"You can lie down wherever you like on the floor there. I am sorry I haven't anything better to offer you. But we always, before we go to sleep, read a chapter in this book," taking down a Bible, "and ask God to take care of us through the night."

The stranger's relief from anxiety and fear was instantaneous. The book which he had often ridiculed and opposed he at once felt was the guarantee of his safety during the silent watches of the night, and he lay down as securely and quietly to his rest as if he had been in his own home, and with a lesson to his conscience and sober judgment that made him a wiser and better man.

The third case is that of a well-known judge in one of the Southern States, a memoir of whose life has lately been published. The judge himself, speaking of his younger days, says that at this time (some seventy years ago) he had become sceptical, and that Mr. H., a noble, whole-souled man, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was a confirmed Deist, though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out and endeavoured to instil into his mind his own deistical notions.

"But he charged me," says the judge, "not to let his wife know that he was a Deist or that I was sceptical. I asked him why. To which he replied that if he was to marry a hundred times he would marry only a pious woman. Again I asked why. 'Because,' he said, 'if she is a Christian it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress and a better neighbor. If she is poor it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error she is a thousand times better off than we can be.' I asked him if he knew of any other error, or system of error, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself. And I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully and to examine the evidences of the Christian religion for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith in the Saviour."

Similar facts and testimonies might be multiplied by the score, but these three are most striking tributes from the world to the reality and value of religion.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LED BY THE SAME HAND.

Divine mercy follows human souls and shapes their history. Sometimes it seems as if it separated friends who are no benefit to each other, for their own good, to bring them together again purified.

A soldier in the Confederate army, J. H. Reed, by name, was taken prisoner in 1862, and lodged in the barracks on Johnson's Island. As he was of a social nature, he was soon on intimate terms with the other prisoners, but there was one among them for whom he conceived a particular liking. The two became fast friends.

Their identity of political sentiments, and the similarity of their tastes, habits, and views of life, made them congenial companions. When the order for their release finally came, though freedom was welcome indeed, they were sorry to separate.

After celebrating their liberty as soldiers too often do, they went their different ways. The world was wide. They lost sight of each other. Though friends still in heart and memory, they were enemies to themselves. But divine love had not lost sight of them.

For ten years Reed neither saw his old prison companion, nor heard from him. By the end of that time his appetite for strong drink had obtained such control over him that he was sent to the Washington Home for Inebriates in Chicago.

One of the first persons he met there was his friend of Johnson's Island. Both men were under treatment for delirium tremens. They had survived to renew under pitiful circumstances their intimacy again. Again they separated, to pass years without mutual note or sign.

Neither of them kept his promise of reformation, for neither had pledged himself by a higher strength than his own.

Reed pursued a downward course, till one day in Chicago, happening in at one of Mr. Moody's meetings he heard the message of Christ, and was led to love Him in whose love alone he could find help and resolution to overcome his insatiable appetite.

He then obtained employment as a travelling salesman. Called occasionally, by his business to Boston, he always sought the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city, and attended their meetings.

At one of these meetings he saw a familiar face, and at the close greeted with joy his old friend.

"Are you a Christian?" was the first question.

"Yes; a Christian six months old."

"And I, two years ago, accepted Christ as my Master," and as the two men embraced each other, Mr. Reed told to the surprised bystanders the story of himself and his friend —now book-keeper in a St. Louis wholesale house.

"When we first saw each other," said he, "we were in prison together; then, after ten years apart, we were in delirium tremens together; and after nine years' separation again, now we are bound together by a new tie, that I trust no temptations of earth can sunder, and that will find its blessed fruition where all temptation and sin shall have passed away forever."—*Youth's Companion.*

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

157. How many books are there in the Bible?
158. How many in the Old and the New Testaments respectively?
159. How many years intervened between the Old and the New Testaments?
160. When, and by whom, was the first English version of the whole Bible published?
161. What high priest anointed Solomon to be king.
162. Who was Adam's third son and how many years did he live?
163. Who was the father of Methuselah?
164. To what patriarch was a famine the means of restoring his lost son?
165. Which two of Jacob's grandsons took the places of Levi and Joseph as representatives of two of the tribes of Israel?
166. Who was the first Judge of Israel?
167. Who called his armour-bearer to slay him with a sword that it might not be said of him, "A woman slew him"?
168. Which of the judges of Israel is better known as a high priest?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

133. Kirjath-arba. Joshua xiv. 15.
134. For Arba the father of Anak from whom the Anakims were descended. Joshua xiv. 15; xv. 13.
135. Gibeon, Chephirah, Beeroth, and Kirjath-jearim. Joshua ix. 17.
136. Jericho. Joshua vi.
137. On the Mount of Olives. Luke xxi. 37.
138. At Paphos in the island of Cyprus. Acts xiii. 6.
139. Proverbs i. 10.
140. Luke viii. 24; Jonah. i. 5.
141. Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates. Josh. vi. 26.
142. Isaiah lv. 7.
143. The battle of Ebenezer. 1 Sam. iv. 1, 2.
144. One thousand. Judges xv. 15.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

H-elam. O-bed. L-aban. I-thamar. N-isroch. E-zri. S-himei. S-amaria. T-abset. O-both. T-admor. H-eathands. E-glon. L-aver. O-zem. R-ehoboth. D-aniel.—*Holiness to the Lord.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 12.—Annie D. Burr, 12 ac; Maude Armstrong, 11.

To No. 11.—Maude Armstrong, 10; Samuel McDonald, 9; Agnes Murdoch, 8; W. H. Simmons, 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON V.

JULY 31.]

MOSES AND THE MAGICIANS.

Exod. 7: 8-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 16, 17.

8. And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying,

9 When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh and it shall become a serpent.

10. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.

11. Then Pharaoh called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.

12. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.

13. And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not unto them: as the Lord had said.

14. And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened, he refuseth to let the people go.

15. Get thee unto Pharaoh in the morning: lo, he goeth out unto the water: and thou shalt stand by the river's brink against he come; and the rod which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand.

16. And thou shalt say unto him, The Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee, saying, Let my people go, that they may serve me in the wilderness: and, behold, hitherto thou wouldest not hear.

17. Thus saith the Lord, In this thou shalt know that I am the Lord: behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood

GOLDEN TEXT.—They showed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham.—PSA. 105: 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The weakness of God is stronger than men.

INTRODUCTORY.—After Moses' and Aaron's first interview with Pharaoh, the Israelites were oppressed even more cruelly than before. Moses expostulates impetuously with God, who renews his promise of deliverance, and meeting his statement that the people were now in a worse plight than they were before, &c., reminds him of his name, "Jehovah," the "I am what I am" which his forefathers had not known. He sends Moses, and Aaron as his prophet, to Pharaoh, to demand the liberation of Israel, promising to enforce it by judgments.

NOTES.—WISE MEN, "those who know things," i. e., curious, hidden arts.—SORCERERS, conjurors, especially those who pretend to charm and drive out noxious animals and reptiles by superhuman powers, and who sometimes have an influence over the brute species.—MAGICIANS, "interpreters" of secret things; here probably a general term for both "wise men" and "sorcerers." The skill of Egyptian jugglers in sleight-of-hand tricks was proverbial.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE RODS TURNED TO SERPENTS. (II.) THE RIVER TURNED TO BLOOD.

I. THE RODS TURNED TO SERPENTS.—(8-13.) SHEW A MIRACLE, "give," or do, a wonderful deed; FOR YOU, for yourselves, as a sign of their being commissioned by God; ROD, see 4: 1-14, probably given him by Moses, a long staff carried by shepherds; SERPENT, not same word as in 4: 3, but a more general name for any large reptile, often applied to the crocodile; SERVANTS, officers, courtiers, &c.; CALLED, &c., to show that his magicians could do the same, and that Aaron's power was not peculiar and divine; ENCHANTMENTS, a deceptive appearance, a trick; SWALLOWED, a proof that Moses' God and religion were superior to those of Egypt; HE HARDENED, better "Pharaoh's heart was hardened."

II. RIVER TURNED TO BLOOD.—(14-17.) GOETH UNTO THE WATER, probably to perform his morning devotions; AGAINST, until; LORD, Jehovah; HEAR, i. e., obey; IN THIS, by this, i. e., the miracle that follows; I WILL SMITE, i. e., Moses, the representative of God; TURNED TO BLOOD, the miracle consisted in its immediate change at the command of Moses, and so that the fish in the river died and became a nuisance in itself, vs. 20, 21.

LESSON VI.

AUG. 7.]

THE PASSOVER.

Exod. 12: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12, 13.

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying,

2. This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you.

3. Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house:

4. And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb.

5. Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year: ye shall take it out from the sheep, or from the goats:

6. And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.

7. And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses, wherein they shall eat it.

8. And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread: and with bitter herbs they shall eat it.

9. Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire: his head with his legs and with the purtenance thereof.

10. And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning: and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire.

11. And thus shall ye eat it: with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover.

12. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment: I am the Lord.

13. And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.

14. And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—I COR. 5: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ our deliverer.

INTRODUCTORY.—Nine terrible plagues had up to this time come upon Egypt, as judgments of God, because Pharaoh and his people refused to obey God's command and allow the Israelites to go and serve the Lord, The tenth and most terrible of all had to be endured in the visitation of the destroying angel to cut down the firstborn of all the Egyptians, "the chief of all their strength." Then "Egypt was glad when they departed," Ps. 105: 38. In order that the angel might pass over the houses of the Israelites, God directs Moses to institute the feast mentioned in our lesson, and in whatever house that feast was being held it was to be indicated by the mark of the blood of the lamb on the lintel and posts of the outer door.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE TIME. (II.) THE RITE. (III.) ITS MEANING.

I. THE TIME.—(1-4.) THIS MONTH, called Abib, 13: 4, later called also Nisan, corresponding to our March or April; FIRST MONTH, not only in time, but in importance. Tisri, our September or October, had formerly been the first month of the year. It remained first of the secular, while Abib became first of the religious, year; CONGREGATION, assembly, literally "a gathering together"; TENTH DAY, i. e., the fourth before the Passover; ACCORDING.....FATHERS, i. e., for each family.

II. THE RITE.—(5-10.) WITHOUT BLEMISH, perfect, Lev. 22: 20-24, comp. 1 Pet. 1: 19; MALE OF THE FIRST YEAR, "son of a year," not over a year old; as in place of the first-born male child of the family, and young, as representing the innocence of Christ; KEEP IT UP, i. e., protect it carefully; FOURTEENTH DAY, Christ was crucified on that day; KILL IT, all the families of the Israelites at the same time; IN THE EVENING, "between the evenings," i. e., between early afternoon and sunset; Christ died at 3 p.m.; THE BLOOD, regarded as the life, or seat of life; STRIKE IT, i.e., sprinkle, it was done with a branch of hyssop, or kind of marjoram having a thyme-like odor; IN THAT NIGHT, after sunset, therefore the 15th Abib; AND UNLEAVENED BREAD, "with unleavened cakes," comp. 1 Cor. 5: 7, 8, made of dough without leaven or ferment, and therefore more quickly prepared, Deut. 16: 3; Exod. 12: 39; BITTER HERBS, no particular kind is designated; RAW, or half cooked; SODDEN, the past participle of seethe, a mode of preparing meat for food, Gen. 25: 29; Lev. 6: 28; FIRE, was always used in sacrifice, signifying the divine presence; PURTENANCE, "intestines." "This entire consumption of the lamb constitutes one marked difference between the Passover and all other sacrifices." The blood alone was sprinkled —so with our Lord.

III. ITS MEANING.—(11-14.) LOINS GIRDED, the long outer garment tucked up under the girdle; SHOES ON YOUR FEET, or sandals, ordinarily taken off while in the house, and at a meal; STAFF, &c., as if to set out on a journey, therefore also the girding of the loins, and wearing of sandals; LORD'S PASSOVER, explains the feast, it is God's; He mercifully passes over, or by the Israelites, sparing them in His flight, while as to the Egyptians He will PASS THROUGH, in judgment and with destruction; SMITE, strike dead; MAN AND BEAST, i.e., all living creatures; GODS, "chief ones," "great ones," both men and idols, the latter being worshipped in the form of almost every animal; TOKEN, mark, sign and pledge; MEMORIAL, commemorative of God's past, and a foreshadowing of his future mercy; FEAST, festival of joy and thanksgiving; ORDINANCE FOR EVER, perpetual law.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) Christ our Lamb has been slain for us.
(2.) His blood when sprinkled on us secures freedom from death.
(3.) We must partake of his nature and righteousness by faith.
(4.) Accept of the means of salvation appointed.

LESSON VII

AUG. 14.]

THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14: 19-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 19-20.

19. And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them:

20. And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel: and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night.

21. And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

22. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

23. And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen.

24. And it came to pass that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.

25. And took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

26. And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.

27. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—EXOD. 14: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God is known by the judgments he executes.

INTRODUCTORY.—At the urgent solicitation of the Egyptians, Ex. 12: 29-33, the Israelites leave Rameses, taking with them many valuable gifts of jewels, silver, gold and clothing from their previous oppressors. If the reader will look at the map, he will find the journey to the Red Sea indicated. The Lord himself led the way in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, Ex. 13: 21, 22. Pharaoh, regretting his permission, pursues with a great army, Ex. 14: 7, and overtakes them as they are encamped on the shores of the sea. The Israelites are filled with terror, and forgetful of the hand which was leading them, they again reproach Moses, who replies, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace," God saying to him the words in the Golden Text of our lesson.

NOTES.—THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD, manifestation of the presence of Jehovah, called also the angel, or messenger of God, cf. 3: 2; Ps. 104: 4; Josh. 5: 13-15. It was the Shekinah that afterward rested on the Tabernacle, 33: 9-14; 40: 34-38. By day the cloud was seen; by night the flaming fire.—CHARIOTS, 600 went in pursuit of Israel, 14: 7, each had two wheels and was drawn by two horses, and carrying two soldiers, the one to drive carrying a shield, the other to fight with spear and bow. For fuller description see SCHAFF'S Bible Dictionary.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—THE SEA (I.) CROSSED BY THE ISRAELITES. (II.) DESTROYS THE EGYPTIANS.

I. CROSSED BY THE ISRAELITES.—(19-22) ANGEL OF GOD, see NOTES; WENT BEFORE, see EX. 13: 21, 22; FACE, from the front or van to the rear, so that while it was a light to the Israelites it hid them from the Egyptians; STRETCHED OUT, ETC., see verse 16, very early in the morning, or even before midnight; EAST WIND, God used natural means; GO BACK, i. e., recede; THE WATERS WERE DIVIDED, i. e., there was a separation between the waters of the sea south, and those north; A WALL, a protection on each side, so that they could not be attacked, see Nahum 3: 8.

II. DESTROYS THE EGYPTIANS.—(23-27) PURSUED.....WENT IN AFTER THEM, thinking they too might cross before the waters would return; ALL PHARAOH'S HORSES, ETC., see NOTES, i. e., all that had come in pursuit, verse 7; MORNING WATCH, about 6 a.m.; LOOKED UNTO, not only beheld, but manifested himself in judgment, cf., Ps. 77: 16-20; THROUGH, by means of the pillar; TROUBLED, threw into confusion; TOOK OFF.....WHEELS, in the heavy sand and mud into which they sank. For "took off" we may perhaps read "clogged." The Egyptians recognized the hand of Jehovah in it; WATERS MAY COME AGAIN, that the waters may flow back and be as before; TO HIS STRENGTH, its usual depth; MORNING APPEARED, when it became day; FLED AGAINST IT, or through the deepening tide; OVERTHREW, marg., "shook off," i. e., from their chariots, washing them off by the waves, overturning them and the whole host in confusion.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) The Lord is with those who trust him, "alway, even unto the end of the world."
(2.) All things "work together for good" to them that love God.
(3.) Not human power and skill, but obedience to God gains the victory.
(4.) God's presence is comfort and strength to the believer, and confusion and destruction to the unbeliever.
(5.) How much better to have God as a friend than a foe.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those who sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

—THOMAS MOORE.

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